

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning-Evening-Sunday.

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FEBRUARY 14, 1916.

ROOSEVELT OR HUGHES WITH FRANK HITCHCOCK BOSS.

It was an interesting story to both republicans and progressives in Indiana; we mean the newspaper story in which Justice Charles E. Hughes adds to former pronouncements against the use of his name in connection with the presidential nomination. The fact that Justice Hughes has declined and will decline to allow the use of his name by republicans or combinations is not new. The fine work of Frank H. Hitchcock was the most entertaining feature.

Hitchcock and his followers had decided upon the naming of Justice Hughes and as an inducement to have him accept, relieving the anticipated president of as much of the detail of the presidential drudgery as possible, Mr. Hitchcock had begun selecting the cabinet, agreeing to accept his personal interests and accept his old position of postmaster general. So nice of him and so like the old machine methods. The inside information is that it must be either Roosevelt or Hughes, which is about the way Theodore put it through his Chicago meeting. The Hitchcock propaganda puts it this way:

"Mr. Hitchcock is to be chairman of the national committee and again postmaster general, therefore the dispenser of patronage, and that those who endorse his views and support him as presidential candidate will receive commensurate consideration afterwards. The arrangement is not to antagonize Roosevelt, because it will be surely Hughes or Roosevelt."

When Mr. Hitchcock hastens to deny any knowledge of the plan it sounds something like republican orators and newspapers denying that Indiana republican state officials left more than two millions of dollars of debts and that democratic state officials have paid the debts. The other fellows have the documents, which are as mighty convincing to voters.

BOTH IN PART ARE RIGHT AND BOTH ARE WRONG.

In defense of our local contemporary, and asking the pardon of our self-touted infallible neighbor—the LaPorte Herald—we call attention to the fact that the South Bend Tribune, contrary to the claims of the Herald, was at least half right in crediting Grand Rapids as the home of Stewart Edward White. Said the Herald:

"The esteemed South Bend Tribune has Stewart Edward White living in Grand Rapids, Mich. Who moved the Emporia, Kans. Gazette, and its noted editor so quickly?"

William Allen White is the noted editor of the Emporia, Kans. Gazette, and White, the Gazette and Emporia, to all present knowledge, are at the same old stand. Stewart Edward White's address is Santa Barbara, Calif. Grand Rapids, Mich., was his birthplace.

THE PRESIDENT'S SHIPPING BILL AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST.

"Kindly explain the president's shipping Bill. Is it a good bill?"—Subscriber.

The administration's ship building measure, fathered by Rep. Alexander, chairman of the merchant marine committee, provides for an appropriation of \$50,000,000, to be raised by the disposal of government bonds, with which to lease and build vessels. The plan contemplates that the bulk of the money will be spent in American ship yards. A commission, appointed by the president, will have charge of the sale of stock in the ship operating concern, which stock will be open to public subscription controlled by the commission, in the name of the United States government.

The administration plan appears to be the best one so far suggested. Properly conducted, the "Uncle Sam Ship Company" should earn profits making its stock a desirable investment.

HAMLET'S SWORD AND THE TABLETS ON WHICH HE SOLILOQUIZED.

Hamlet's sword was knocked down for \$6 to a buyer who attended the first auction sale of Sothern and Marlowe's stage costumes and properties at the Fifth Avenue galleries in New York the other day. His black cloak sold for a dollar more. The tablets on which he writes during his father's murder brought \$15.

"It's like a funeral," one actress who had been with the great stars was heard to remark. Her companion rose, tears standing in her eyes. "I can't stand it any longer," she said, and both withdrew.

And it must have been, in truth, rather a sad occasion. Julia Marlowe has long been known all over the country for her vivid and poetic impersonations, her exquisite reading of blank verse, her thrillingly musical voice, her wholesome and delightful personality. Rosalind, Juliet, Prince Hal, Mary Tudor, Katharine, Beatrice—she did not act those characters; she was those people. No one who has ever seen her play a part can ever thereafter think of that drama without seeing and hearing Julia Marlowe. When in later days she joined forces with the famous actor who is now her husband, adding his ability and poetic traditions of the drama to her own, the results were such as to be unforgettable, even in a notably short-memoried generation.

And so, perhaps, the scattering of the wonderful collection need not be so melancholy after all. For

though Sothern and Marlowe never play again, though the black jeweled sword of Hamlet and the flower garland of Rosalind are sold, though the silver girle shall never again encircle Juliet, memory remains. In the hearts of thousands Sothern and Marlowe will play their tragic or comic, but always vividly human roles, so long as the hearts shall beat.

CLOTHIERS WILL BE THANKFUL FOR THIS WARDROBE OF GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHES.

No man who assumes to be a gentleman should think of having less than fourteen suits of clothes and ten overcoats. This information comes straight from the highest sartorial authority in the United States, the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, in convention at St. Louis. Gentlemen readers will therefore govern themselves accordingly.

This minimum wardrobe involves an expenditure of \$2,660. No "gentleman" will think of spending a cent less than that for his outfit. Here are some of the essentials:

A light pearl gray Tuxedo for warm weather; a blanket coat to be thrown over the shoulders of the gentleman golfer—which is an absurd phrase, for all golfers are gentlemen—which only costs \$65; a morning riding suit and an afternoon riding frock, and a top coat lined with Persian lamb or mink skin, costing \$360. The estimate allows for only three lounge suits, a number that may—or may not—strike most citizens as ridiculously insufficient.

This budget makes no allowance for shoes and haberdashery. It is assumed, of course, that a gentleman will wear collars, hats, shirts, suspenders, socks, etc. Precisely how many hundred dollars are needed for such items may be revealed when the haberdashers hold their convention.

We hope they'll be easier on us, however, than the tailors have been. For the average American's income is only about \$600 a year, and we'd hate to have to admit that the average American isn't a gentleman.

PRACTICALIZING PATRIOTISM AND PRISON FOR PACIFISTS.

The professional pacifists are having rather a hard time just now in this country, since the tide of opinion has turned definitely toward armament. Still, they're much better off here than in Germany. Consider the case of Elly Reuss.

This woman is a sort of home missionary in the city of Cologne, head of a small band of Seventh Day Adventists. She is 74 years old. She has been preaching peace and Sunday observance, in consonance with the principles of her religious sect. This was tolerated as long as she confined her exhortations to the realm of vague abstraction. But when Frau Reuss pressed her principles to their logical conclusion, and declared that if killing is legitimate work for soldiers they should not be allowed to pursue their vocation on the Sabbath day, she was arrested on a charge of treason, court-martialed, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in a military fortress. They call it "practicalizing patriotism."

All our criticism of "Tories" during the Revolution, and of "Copperheads" in the Civil war, and of "peace at any price" folk nowadays never contemplated any such harsh intolerance as this. May the time never come, either in peace or war, when we forbid free speech to any man or woman who is honestly moved by moral or religious convictions.

AT LAST THE SCHOOL BOY REGAINS THE RIGHT TO SHED COLLARS.

Hereafter school boys in New Jersey, at least, may go to school without collars. Juvenile rights have been vindicated.

Last June two boys of Merchantville, N. J., shed their collars one brooding day, and opened their shirts at the front, presenting a modest debutante effect. Their teacher promptly sent them home. Their mother promptly sent them back to school. The teacher turned them out again, and a little later the state commissioner of schools upheld her. It was unimposed, he said, for boys to go without collars. The fact that girls did so had nothing to do with the matter.

Now the state board of education has passed finally on the case, and upheld the boys. Its decision is as follows:

"Had the boys appeared in school without shirts, it would perhaps have met the exigencies of the hot weather, but would have been subversive of discipline; but to say that they should not come to school collarless is an unreasonable and unwarranted exercise of power by the teacher."

That righteous decision ought to hold good anywhere, and every boy in America who rebels against the bondage of a linen collar on hot days ought to know about it.

PUT 'EM UP! THOSE BRITISH TITLES MAY SAVE ENGLAND YET.

The war, it is said has caused a vacancy in a number of titles in England. Several baronets are left without heirs and if something is not done, peerage is threatened with extinction in many instances.

Why not auction off those titles to some of our American millionaires whose daughters are title mad? It would be a decided improvement over the old method, by which the titles sold in this country were generally encumbered by some impecunious and profligate rake. Then the girls could select a good, decent chap over here as a husband and endow him with the baronetcy or dukedom or whatever it might happen to be.

England would get a wad of American gold, some hardy new stock and everybody would be happy, instead of wretched as of yore, when fortunes were swapped for, more or less, tarnished titles.

It's a rattling good idea, we think. And, say, there would be some lively bidding too, wouldn't there?

We do not want to be understood as endorsing any such drastic method, but we can't help but admire the ingenuity of the Pittsburgh wife who made her tightwad husband dig up by hiding his false teeth and keeping them until he produced generously. But then, most wives would have given them up for nothing just so their husbands could talk back to them.

Showing how far some of the folks are getting from orthodox, Rev. W. Y. L. Davis of Los Angeles preaches on "Some Things I Like About the Devil." Rev. Davis has discovered that the devil is aggressive, never a quitter, always minds his own business, and turns his hand to anything to get ahead.

"Those foreigners," says Henry Ford, "would hardly believe I could have brought over thousands more of the same kind of people." From the samples Henry showed, those foreigners must take us for a nation of fighters.

Thus far, the federal trade commission has succeeded in dropping all the charges of unfair competition lodged with it. You don't catch that commission hanging on to anything that means real work.

Georgie Perkins is roasting Wilson for "violating the Baltimore platform." We'll give a Nevada mine for a copy of any platform that was not violated, if it meant anything.

In dry Seattle. "God help the rich; the poor can't get drunk!"

With Other Editors Than Ours

* THE WRETCHED REPORTER *

or
* The Terrible Tribune Tribe. *

(Notre Dame Scholastic.)

Time—Monday Noon.

Place—Any out-of-the-way place.
Character—1st South Bend Tribune Reporter. 2nd South Tribune Reporter.

1st Reporter—

Has heard the bloody deed that has been done?

Not since the Leody stopped the midday sun

Has any such occurrence come to light—

The N. D. Students burned a car last night!

2nd Reporter—

Impossible! You do not mean to say That students drove the motorman away.

And lighted a real match, applying it To the straw seats where folks were wont to sit?

1st Reporter—

Even so, my brother. Thus the story runs:

Students with fourteen centimeter

And knives and hatchets, lawn-mowers and picks

And pockets fairly bulging out with bricks

Boarded the Hill St. Car. It was their plan

To turn the machine guns on the motorman.

2nd Reporter—

And did they this outrageous, bloody deed?

1st Reporter—

Yea, this they accomplished with all speed

And with red firebrands that burn and light

The Hill St. Car these villains did ignite.

And marvelous! Most wonderful to tell!

This palace car did burn even as hell.

And more mysterious happening by far—

When ceased the flames there was no Hill St. Car.

2nd Reporter—

Am I entranced, or wouldst thou have me hear

That this great palace car did disappear?

1st Reporter—

Yea, disappeared even as do thy meals.

Nothing remained by midnight but the wheels.

2nd Reporter—

Witches and very devils then must be. These students who could plan, and willingly

Destroy one of the beauties of the race.

Was there no reason for their rage?

1st Reporter—

None, brother, save that on last Thursday eve

Six thugs with black-jacks in their clothes concealed

Boarded the Car and by their talk revealed

The fact that they'd permit no one to smoke.

But all the students took them for a joke.

2nd Reporter—

And did they strike?

1st Reporter—

Nay, brother, they were wise

For on that car men nearly of their were riding.

Each thug closed up like a clam

Fearing for his two hundred pounds of

2nd Reporter—

Then there remains no reason for the rage?

1st Reporter—

Not any, brother. Every thug a sage

Did leave that car and quickly board the next

Which held a few young boys, and on pretext

Of stamping out all smoking, every thug

Pulled out a billie and began to slug.

Twas all meant in a very friendly way—

To fracture skulls for thugs is simply play;

But students never seem to see a point.

They get peeved if their bones are out of joint.

Instead of being tickled at the joke they filled with wrath until they nearly choke.

2nd Reporter—

Dost tell me students are so badly bred?

As not to laugh when someone cracks their head?

Just for a joke?

1st Reporter—

Tis even so, my friend.

They were not raised as we were in South Bend.

2nd Reporter—

And this mild pastime of these gentle thugs

Turned college students into fire-burners.

1st Reporter—

Yea, this and nothing more led them so far

As to lose reason and destroy a car.

And not a common car, but one that cost

Thousands of dollars. Now that it is lost

I'll hie me to the office and will write A tragic story of the ghastly sight

I'll call it vandalism, anarchy, Or any other word that comes to me.

I'll shout my news all day about the street

And though my brains are reinforced

People must list to me I'll yell so loud.

I'll print a picture of the street car's shroud

And make the horror of the thing so plain

That few folks will discover I'm insane.

2nd Reporter—

Go with all haste and write as thou hast said.

What matter though your words will not be read.

This is the only way that we can bring

The people here to realize the thing; (He writes a stupid editorial which is published in the even-

ing paper. An hour elapses and

two students are seen entering the office.)

1st Student—

There is that maniac, should we not say

Something severe to him this very day?

2nd Student—

Nothing severe to him should we say

We said.

God punished him by giving him his head.

CURTAIN.

ADVERTISING AS A COLLECTING AGENCY.

(Waco, Tex., News.)

There is practically no limit to the

field of advertising and it is a dull

manager of a business who cannot

find some way in which to employ this

very useful agency for increasing

his profits. But it remains to a

coal and lumber dealer of a New

Jersey to employ the columns of the

local press in making the people of

the town who owed him \$57,000

"come across with the cash."

This dealer, presumably well-to-

do, found that his accounts were

becoming so large that he was un-

able to carry them further without

serious embarrassment. Accordingly,

he decided to take the people of the

town into his confidence and let them

know just the situation they had

placed him in. Accordingly, he took

a large space on the front page of

the local paper and in large type

told the people the amount of the

accounts he held against them, as-

sured them he had let the accounts

run to that figure in the belief that

he was accommodating his patrons,

but that he was convinced that so

many people were presuming upon

his leniency and unlimited credit

that he was not getting a "square

deal."

With this resolute publicity put-

ting the matter of honor in paying

one's debts squarely up to the com-

munity, the issue became such a di-

rect one that people began paying

their bills. The various delinquent

customers began to feel that they

were guilty of an offense and those

who did not pay up immediately ar-

ranged to do so in the near future.

The whole community learned a les-

son, not only along the lines of the

responsibility for meeting debts, but

along the line of community good-

will as expressed in an effort to keep

the reputation of the community for

dealing and uprightness beyond

dispute. And the stimulation in

ethics resulted in a lesson in thrift

because the people came to realize

that they were wronging themselves

and the people with whom they

traded in contracting for goods for

which they could not pay and that

it was wise to give thought to when

debt should be incurred as well as

how they should be contracted and

paid.

The incident appears to have made

everybody in town happy. The coal

and lumber dealer was doubtless the

happiest man of all, because the col-

lection of that \$57,000 was quite a

relief. Probably next in happiness

came the people who paid their obli-

gations and began to enjoy the bless-

ings which a clear conscience brings.

But not without considerable feel-

ing of relief was that body of cus-

tomers who pay their bills promptly

and who are forced, by the very

nature of things, to pay more than

what they consume is really worth

in order to remunerate the dealer

for his losses he would otherwise

sustain on those who persistently re-

fuse to pay.

A VIRTUE SURVEY.

(Columbus, O., Dispatch.)

There have been so many vice surveys in this country, how would it do to have a virtue survey, just for a change? We have had hordes of so-called experts going about the cities nosing out vice, and charting it and labeling it. We have read so many reports of vice existing here and there, that we believe if some-

body would invent a virtue committee it would come as a relief.

Let's start out a committee hunting virtue. Let's know something about how good this old world is, now that we have been told how bad it is. Let's put people to nosing around to find out how good some of us